

Modern Fables,

By GEORGE ADE.

The Modern Fable of the Satiated Globe Trotter Who Found a New Kind of Nerve Twister Waiting For Him at Home.

Once there was a cold-blooded Tourist who had been Everywhere and seen Everything. His Suit-Case was Paped with Foreign Labels.

He knew more about the Old World than does the Wise German who writes the Baedeker Guide-Books and can tell you the Price of a Schnitzel at the most remote Hostelry in the Duchy of Bratwurst.

He had seen so many sights that now nothing could Move him. Everything under the Shining Canopy had become Dull and Ordinary. He was a Track-Saw Performer, who had overlooked nothing except the North and South Poles and a few Whistling Posts on the Jerk-Water Division of the Fremont & Elkhorn.

When this Case-Hardened Traveler came back to the Inland Town in which his Family had been set up as the Sacred White Cow for several Generations, it was not because the Burg appealed to him, but because he had Done the World so Thoroughly that all Towns looked alike to him. It would be a case of Vegetating whether he squatted in Vienna or Cornell Bluffs.

For he had run the Gamut of Excitement and was as Calloused as a Stevedore. What he had Been Through would make a Jules Verne Narrative sound like one of the Elsie Books written for the cultured little Girls of Cambridge, Mass.

He had been mixed up in so many stirring Adventures that it was about a Tie between him and Roosevelt.

He had fought Bulls in Seville and hunted Big Game in India. He had



His Dress Suit Case Was Paped With Foreign Labels.

been Shipwrecked in the South Seas and escaped over the Coral Reefs with the Man-Eating Sharks nibbling at his Toes. The West River Pirates had given him the Run in China. He had Stopped a Grizzly Bear in the Rockies and Perforated two Lustreless in Wyoming and put the Black Shroud on the Wheel at Monte Carlo and broken Window Glass at Port Said.

And now he returned to his Old Home that had no Attractions except a Free Reading Room and a Basket Ball Team. He felt that he had Played his Siring and gone his Length. He was what one might term Blase, although it is not hard to be That in a town which pronounces in Blaze.

He seldom came off of the High

Horse or let down from the Pose. He did not Cripple to the Humble Joys of Middle Class Americans. It was a matter of Pride with him that his Pulse never jiggled and his Temperament never scooped up to Peter Heat. Any Show of Emotion was regarded as Vulgar.

When the whole Country was having its Quadrennial Epidemic Convulsion known as the National Campaign, he did not so much as remember the Names of the Candidates.

He went down to see a Championship Battle between two Grand Little Boys who did 133 at the Ringside. It was a Twenty-Round Quarrel, full of Gore and Knockdowns, but it never gave him a Tingle. While the Saloon Men were shrieking to the Participants to Beat his Block off and Jam him in the Kisser, the Jaded Traveler sat and read a little Book of Sonnets that he had Picked Up in London. After the Kid had been carried out of the Ring looking like a Hamburger Steak, the Globe-Trotter looked up Wearily and asked what the Score was. It was the same as Crickets to him.

Even at a Football Game he was Calm as a Graven Image. He never Batted an Eye when the Peerless Half Back went down the Field like a Forked Flash of Lightning, leaving the Gridiron strewn with writhing Giants, who were sure to get their Pictures in the Paper with a Pose-Up between the Obituary Column and the Sporting Page. At the Supreme Moment, when the Hero threw himself catapult-like across the Linear of Whitewash, and 10,000 Partisans got up on their Hind Legs and yowled like Coyotes, and the Girls squealed and fell between the Chairs and loosened their Back Hair,

It was then that the Human Ice Box sat there regarding his Finger Nails and wearing the small dry Smile of the Chap who is Dreadfully Bored. He was undoubtedly the Champion of Blanket. It seemed that nothing short of Electrocuting would have sent a Thrill up the Back of his Neck. He could lean up against a Hot Water Pipe and have it Stone Cold on the Count of Ten.

He had what People who know a little French call an Awful Case of the Ennui. Nothing interested him and nothing displeased him. He was Surprisingly Indifferent. He was the kind that gets up and Saunters out of the Theatre when all of the Common Run have Goose Pimples up and down them and their Eyes bulging out, wondering whether the Heroine is going to Come Back at the N'leman with a Dirk or accept the Money and Fly with him.

One Evening he went to a Party because it was too much Trouble to seep. He sized up the Assemblage with a Fishy Eye while seated on a Moorish Divan, made in Grand Rapids, Mich. Near him sat a Young Thing with a Baby Stare, whose Brain-Throbs ran about four to the Minute. Her Photograph may be seen in front of any Store. She was not a World-Beater to Shape, Style or General Get-Up. She was Young, but not too Young. The Market Man would have called her a good sized Broiler. The Globe-Trotter had seen whole Flocks of the Same Kind coming out of Candy Stores and Wednesday Matinees. In Budapest and Paris he had passed up Dozens who had her beaten a Block. And yet she was it.

She sort of Scrouged over to make

room for other Young People, and her Elbow happened to touch lightly the Dress Coat of the Cold Storage Proposition. He felt a couple of Volts enter his System, and he began to Curl like an Autumn Leaf. He had hunted through Mesopotamia and Matabeleland for a New Sensation without getting it, but he found it good and plenty then and there on the queer Sofa. He had heard of the Magnetic Girl, or the Georgia Wonder, but he had not believed that any living Maiden could send the Current crackling through him, for he was a Non-Conductor, and Insulated besides. But little Daisy, the Coming-Out Girl, did the Trick without an Effort.

He started to Talk to her, but it was Goody by the Careless Ease of Manner, for he was in a Trance. She held to a Button on his Coat and looked up into his Eyes and chirped about the Favors and the Wax on the Floor, and he felt himself waited away on a Fleecy Cloud, with two thousand Angels hovering over him and playing Rag-Time on Jewelled Mandolins. He, the Cast-Iron Veteran, who had left strange, dark Women pining on Dis-lant Shores, because he would not Warm Up, and whose Pride and Boast it had been that nothing could Jar him, was now scaldy-hot to the Queen's Taste, with his Nervous System full of Hard Knots.

His Pulse pounded like a Steam River. Every Chandelier in the Room became a revolving Pin-Wheel. Some one had built a Fire under him, and he was slowly Broiling in an Agony of Ecstasy. She treated him with more White-Hot Emotions in Ten Minutes than he had found in Years of Travel.



He Felt a Couple of Volts Enter His System.

All that Night he followed Daisy around like a Trained Collie, and when he saw her dancing with vealy Sophomores and pinning Flowers on them, he went out into the Conservatory, where he upset Flower Pots and gnawed the Geraniums.

Next Day he wrote a Note and sent Orchids and called her up on the Phone and walked past the House two or three times. He could not Eat, and he had to put Cold Water on his Temples and take Nerve Food.

He called every Evening unless she headed him off with some Excuse. Usually he found her with several Half-Baked Johnnies, whose Conversation was on the Order of a Colored Supplement. He was Appalled to learn that

Daisy regarded them as Funny. Daisy did not care whether a Man had been around the World or only as far as Indianapolis, so long as he could spring Jokes that would make her Giggle.

The Man of the World was in a Fine Box. Like the Fellow in the Song, he couldn't tell why he loved her, but he did. He loved her so hard that he looked Wild out of the Eyes and went around with his Hair mussed Up, which was very Amusing to little Daisy, for she could not see him at all except as a Good Thing when she ran short on Violets and Chocolate Creams. His Record as a Traveler did not make him any Stronger with her. The Ap-lomb that comes from meeting the Ripping Swells on the Continent never Touched her at all. She simply wanted a nice, gabby Boy who could take a Firm Hold and do the Two-Step for Hours at a time.

The Globe-Trotter went Nanny. He followed her in the Street and tried to Seare her into an Acceptance by threatening to Shoot himself. Whenever he broke into the House he wanted to lean against her and Cry. He got to be a Pest and they had to Blanket him.

On the Day that Daisy married the Low Comedian of the Amateur Dramatic Club the Globe-Trotter tried to jump off of the Railroad Bridge. His hair turned White in Six Months. At present he lives as a Hermit in the Old Manse, but sometimes he is encountered late at night jibbering to himself.

Moral:—Somewhere there is a Daisy waiting with a Battery up her Sleeve. (Copyrighted, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.)

Science's Greatest Century,

The 19th

Says The Great Haeckel.

(Copyrighted, 1900, by R. S. Baker.) Professor Ernst Haeckel of the University of Jena in Germany is perhaps the most distinguished living evolutionist. An associate and co-worker with Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, he has lived to see the theory of evolution become a generally accepted scientific law the world over. He has done in continental Europe, in building up the great fabric of concrete proof for Darwin's theory, what Huxley did in England. His published works now reach the proportions of a small library, his "Natural History of Creation" having been translated into no fewer than twelve languages.

In a recent interview with Professor Haeckel at his home in Jena, I questioned him regarding the future development of the human race, physical and intellectual; the tendency of the race, whether progressive or retrogressive; the chief influences working upon modern life; and the probable trend of progress in scientific research. The appended notes of the interview have been carefully reviewed and revised by him, and, therefore, may stand as an authoritative expression of his views. First as to the next stages in the development of mankind.

More Brain, Fewer Teeth and Toes.

"It will be mostly mental, the evolution of a better and finer brain," said Professor Haeckel. "When man's brain began to develop rapidly there was no body. And yet some physical changes are still going on. Man will probably lose some of his teeth, there being no use for them that there was, and there are signs that the little toes will

also disappear, leaving man a four-toed animal. But these changes are of small significance compared with our mental development."

Here, as, however, as Professor Haeckel points out, tremendous influences at work in developing mankind—a vast and fascinating field of study. Man being a product of natural evolution and development his institutions must necessarily be a like product and the application of the theory to political and social economy, statecraft and education are most hopeful fields of work for future thinkers.

"Life was never more complex than it is today," said Professor Haeckel, "and there is prophesying the exact line of future development. Man at present seems to be developing or retrograding in masses—by nations, and yet under very different influences. Here in Germany the tendency is all toward the centralization of power in the government, the removal of individual responsibility and the working together of large masses of men as one man. In America the tendency has been different; there the individual is developed; he has great powers and responsibilities—the man is the unit. Who shall say how these great influences will work out?"

At another time Professor Haeckel spoke of the beautiful and accurate pictures of animals and plants now obtainable, where thirty years ago there were almost none, as an instance of one of the lesser and yet important influences of modern life. Pictures convey ideas swiftly and accurately, therefore they serve as a new and powerful factor in education, scientific education in particular. A man may become comparatively familiar with the animal

forms of the world in a short time, through the perfect pictures now obtainable, whereas a few years ago it would have taken a lifetime.

Military and Medical Selections.

Then there are other influences to which Professor Haeckel has often called attention. In Europe there is the influence of what he calls military selection, all the young men being taken at a certain age, removed from productive labor, put under the most exactly similar training for one or two years. In America there is no such influence. How such training or lack of it will develop the future is a question to which the future must furnish the solution. Haeckel also speaks of medical selection as one of the powerful modern influences. Medical science has made great strides in the past few years; it saves many lives that otherwise would have been lost, and frequently it keeps people with dangerous diseases alive for years. This must not only tend to breed a sickly race, but it necessarily swells the population largely, the crowding bringing with it new and difficult problems.

The earth is now almost wholly inhabited; there are no longer any new places for immigration and the development of virgin land. This means the elimination of that potent influence which has had so great a share in the progress of the world during the last few hundred years. The contest must now change. Instead of discovering and settling new continents and fighting savages, civilized man must set himself to a terrible new struggle for existence between the older nations; for instance, in commerce and trade, tariffs, spheres of influence and so on; and the strongest, most easily adaptable, most resourceful, most favored nations will win. Professor Haeckel spoke of the remarkable retrogression of the Latin races during the past few decades as a striking instance of this new struggle—especially the retrogression of once powerful Spain. He also called attention to the sudden upward progress of Japan. It is, as ever, the struggle between the species for existence, and the sharper the struggle within certain limits the greater the development of the strong.

I asked Professor Haeckel what, in

his opinion, were the next great avenues of development in scientific research.

This Century Golden Era of Science.

"I believe," he said, "that the nineteenth century has been the golden era of science—that there will never again be so many discoveries of profound importance."

Indeed, he is of the opinion that there are no more great universal generalizations to be made. The laws of the conservation of energy, the attraction of gravitation and the theory of natural evolution. He thinks the work of future scientists will deal largely with the application of the great principles and generalizations already well known. By this he does not mean that wonderful new scientific discoveries will not be made, but that they will not have the profound importance of these fundamental laws.

"I look for the greatest future development in the science of chemistry," he said. He spoke of the attempts now being made to show that the seventy or more so-called elementary substances may in reality be only the forms of a few more elementary substances mentioning the speculation that science would one day find that there was really one substance at the basis of all things—one element of which the so-called seventy odd elements are merely forms of different composition of atoms.

The conversation as to the outlook in chemistry drifted naturally to that subject which has so often presented itself to the imaginative scientist, that of the ability of men to produce a living substance from artificial processes, in other words to make life. Haeckel believes firmly that some day this will be done, that it is not at all beyond the range of science, strange and improbable as it may seem. We had been sitting at the open windows of Haeckel's study. The professor pointed outside to the beautiful green foliage of the garden.

Can Life Be Produced Artificially.

"It is only what those plants are doing all the time," he said, "taking so many parts of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen and so on and combining them into the albuminous substance which we call protoplasm, the living substance. Science can combine these elements just as nature does, the pro-

portions being exactly known, but not yet to produce life. The albumen molecule is very complicated. Science does not know yet just how the various atoms of carbon, oxygen and so on, which compose it, are united, and all attempts to solve the problem of the

Women Who Won't Vote.

Chicago.—"Woman suffrage hand in hand with socialism is working for the downfall of home, church and state."

With the above declaration as a slogan of battle the Illinois association, opposed to the extension of suffrage to women, sounded the war cry in the sedate and fashionable circles of the North side. At their annual meeting held at the home of their leader, Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin, 587 Dearborn avenue, members of the association denounced the labors of the woman suffrage association as opposed to the best interests of women and a step toward the downfall of the republic. They declared that a conspiracy exists between socialists and labor union leaders to capture the government of the country, and arraigned the woman suffrage association as giving the movement either conscious or unconscious support by their silence.

Society women were numerous at the meeting, which was held in the privacy of Mrs. Corbin's parlors, and to which no man was admitted. The association is proud of its press censorship, which has so often presented itself in connection with the meetings, and all differences which may arise between members are carefully eliminated from the reports prepared for publication.

With the exception of Mrs. Corbin's speech there was no set programme arranged when the meeting was called to order by Mrs. James B. Barnett. But all the members of the organization were eager and willing to talk. The recent amalgamatory measure entered into by socialists and women suffra-

gists furnished in the words of one member, "plenty of fuel for a righteous fire."

The membership spoke as they felt. They scathingly denounced the "machinations of the revolutionists who would tear woman from the hearth-side and make of her a factor in a congested labor market."

Mrs. Corbin's report follows: "We wish to say distinctly that we are not in the field to bandy personalities or trivialities with anybody, but for the simple purpose of discussing calmly and firmly the relation of women to the state. We believe that this question to be at this time one of the most important that can engage the attention of our statesmen and politicians, as well as the people at large. It is a very serious fact that the doctrine of the industrial and political equality of women is an offshoot from that social democracy which uniformly insists that women shall be unfree and be factors in the state equally with men; that men shall thus be absorbed from all domestic obligations, the state caring for such children as may be born of the utterly unfettered and promiscuous relations between sexes."

No Marriage Ties.

"The influence of such teaching diffused through society is felt not only in the loosening of marriage ties and the neglect of home duties by a large class of our women, but in our legislative halls, in the tendency to overlook the mission of the home, and to lay upon the state such burdens of support and control as belong primarily and indefeasibly to the parent. In monarchial countries social democracy is the avowed and recognized enemy of the state, but in this country, where any-

thing that smacks of a larger license has a vogue with certain classes and where popular sentiment in the end decides everything, it is a more insidious and therefore more dangerous foe. Its tenets destroy the home at a blow, and the mutual relations between husband and wife, of material dependence on the one hand and of affectionate and spiritual dependence on the other, from which the ripest fruits of civilization, the ideals of duty, responsibility, purity and unselfishness flow, are utterly abrogated.

"We stand, therefore, for the rights and duties of humanity in the home, the right of women to loving maintenance and protection, the right of men to material comforts and affectionate sympathy and co-operation, the birth-right of children to a sound physique, affectionate care, and such moral and spiritual instructions as are calculated to make them worthy men and women and good citizens; such instruction as is scarcely to be found elsewhere than at the mother's knee."

"For these great ends we believe it is expedient that women should yield to men the reins of civil government, a government necessarily founded upon force, and accept in return the protection which, in the hands of our fathers and brothers, our husbands and sons, it is sure to afford us, and such moral and spiritual influence as flows to us freely by the operation of the higher law of love."

"We believe this social order to be founded upon sound morality, and to be supported by the experience of Christian civilization."

"We shall continue, therefore, as God gives us strength and opportunity, to make our appeal for womanly women and the Christian home."

The most enthusiastic applause attended the speech of Mrs. Corbin, and a committee was appointed to lay the report before the senate and house of representatives of the United States.

The growing number of socialistic clubs for women was pointed out as a direct fulfillment of the prophecy made by the association a year ago.

A Snob Defined.

The Chicago News describes a snob as a man on a ladder who kisses the feet on the round above him and kicks at the man on the round below.

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